Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, June 1, 1916 Number 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

TO PRESIDENT ELIOT AT EIGHTY-TWO.

To match your mind in all its upward trend,
Ignoring weight of years and tide of time,
Unto perfection's goal improving still,
We scan the calendar of history,
Big with the mighty names of all the past;
And on this golden page we find revealed
Scarce men enough to count the centuries.
I do exaggerate the number much:
Lo, Newton, Voltaire, Humboldt, Landor come
To view; Von Ranke, Hobbes and Tennyson.
Encyclopaedias quick! the list is weak;
Bancroft, Mommsen, Gladstone, three more among,
But Goethe, Herschel, Hugo, died too young.
Old Titian dipped his brush at ninety-eight
And set a mark for you to emulate.
If we incorporate one living man,
The page is full, with Frederick Harrison.
Relentless foe of dogma and of creed,
The two great bars to Brotherhood of Man,
Master of science, education, art,
Expounding war and peace with equal skill,
You bring to bear the ripest fruits
Of age on your full-wrought philosophy
With classic diction pure and unsurpassed.
And topping all, you are the master of
Yourself—the highest, hardest human gift.

May 17, 1916 S. O. LEVINSON

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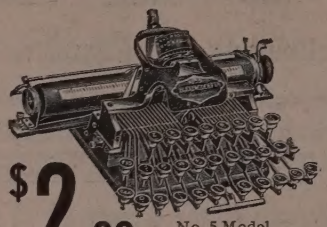

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1916 NUMBER 14

GOD'S NEED OF MAN

Courage, dear soul,
The hosts of heaven, the whole
Battalion of the seraphim await
To see your battle against wrong and hate.
Not all the angels in phalanx
Could for God's will prevail,
If in our struggling, mortal ranks
These men of earth in love's great cause should fail.

The Nautilus. —*Edwin Markham.*

Europe for the present occupies the front of the stage. All eyes are turned in that direction. But when the war cloud rolls away, as it surely will, Asia's problem will be still at hand, and Sidney L. Gulick's address entitled "Asia's Appeal to America," which has been put in pamphlet form, is full of pertinent facts bearing on this problem. Copies can be obtained by addressing the author at 105 E. Twenty-second Street, New York.

On another page of this paper we print an article on "Indian Asceticism" from the pen of an Oriental friend and occasional contributor. Perhaps we ought to acknowledge our indebtedness to "Mr. Censor," whoever he may be, whose solicitation tore open the envelope and by whose courtesy it was sealed again under the stamp of the Lion and the Unicorn, with the information "Opened by Censor." This thing may be necessary in times of war, but from the standpoint of peaceful nations it is an indignity, albeit a trifling indignity compared to the continuous outrages committed at the shrine of Mars.

Frederic C. Howe, the large-minded Commissioner of Immigration, in a recent address before the City Club of Chicago, said that much of our governmental trouble is dué to our national and state constitutions and the Hamilton type of mind which makes democratic government well nigh impossible. Mr. Howe would "get rid of our bi-cameral legislatures and reduce their membership to the smallest possible number" and make it as easy to change constitutions and charters as to pass laws. He thinks New York voted down the proposed new constitution because it was suspected of being a reactionary instrument, framed by Root, Wickersham and others connected with the Wall Street interests and public utility companies. Perhaps the Republican party, if it be open to the suspicion after the Presidential Convention that it was influenced by the same reactionary forces, will be turned down for the same reason.

A recent number of the Bulletin issued by the Publicity Department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, Cincinnati, Ohio, admits that during the fiscal year ending June 30th there has been a decline in the consumption of beer from preceding years of 60,000,000 gallons, but it finds some kind of consolation in the fact that there was an approximate increase of five million dollars in the revenue tax on tobacco, including cigars and cigarettes. If the decline of beer argues an increase of cigars it only indicates the line of continuous attack on the part of physiological science, economic interest and spiritual development. The road to a clear visioned, serene old age and moral poise is a long one, but it is away from narcotics of all kinds and towards an untainted breath and a pocket proof against the leakage that goes to maintain the petty indulgences of the whisky glass, beer mug, the pipe and the cigar. If the nineteen states admitted as dry have encouraged the use of intoxicants why should our friends be so exercised about it.

However it may be with the hesitating members of the Sixty-fourth Congress, we believe an overwhelming majority of the American people eagerly wait for the passage of Concurrent Resolution 22, offered by Senator Gore of Oklahoma on the 15th ultimo. We wonder at any delay in the passage and will be pained if the adoption is not unanimous. We gladly give the resolution place in our editorial columns.

Resolved by the Senate of the United States (the House of Representatives concurring), That the Congress and the people of the United States are desirous of maintaining an honorable and lasting peace with all the nations of the world, and pending war among other nations are desirous of maintaining even-handed and undiscriminating neutrality.

Second. That the Congress and the people of the United States will support all efforts on the part of the President to preserve such a peace and to observe such neutrality.

Third. That the Congress and the people of the United States earnestly desire and would hail with profound satisfaction the return or restoration of permanent peace to the warring nations of the Old World.

Fourth. That the Congress and the people of the United States would approve and support all seasonable efforts on the part of the President to encourage or to facilitate the establishment of a permanent peace among the warring nations upon such principles as would best conserve the interest of civilization and insure, so far as may be, international peace and justice for the future.

The First Congregational Church of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has been in the habit of doing pioneer work, and the present pastor, Rev. Harry Foster Burns, has kept the flag a-flying and maintained the former traditions of that pulpit. During May and June he is

delivering a course of seven sermons on "Christianity and Civilization's Crisis," in which he discusses:

1. The Roots of War.
2. The Glory of War—A Fading Glory.
3. The Strength of Meekness.
4. Permanent Peace.
5. America's Mission as Peacemaker.
6. The Challenge to the Church.
7. New Wars for Old.

The Oshkosh invitation "To Men of Earnest Thought" deserves wider circulation, so we reproduce it.

TO MEN OF EARNEST THOUGHT:

We can not release ourselves from the duty of thinking through the great moral questions involved in the present world crisis, without suffering a consequent loss in life values. I therefore invite you on these succeeding Sunday mornings, when considerations of pleasure might lead elsewhere, to come and *think through with me* some of these questions. Only as we succeed in attaining clearness of thought, shall we be prepared to *enlist on the side of right*, in that great battle of ideas now in progress above the dust of battlefields. This conflict of ideals is no less vital for our distracted civilization, than that of the Verdun fields. Therefore, I bid you come with a friend, each Sunday morning until the last of June.

Notwithstanding Chicago's alleged enthusiasm for "Preparedness," the words of Professor Howard L. Smith of the Law School of the University of Wisconsin, in a recent address before the City Club of Chicago, the most effective and aggressive civic organization in the city, were heartily received. Speaking on the "Preparedness Campaign," he gave many facts and figures going to show the baselessness of the alarm. He asked, "Before we substitute the Marseillaise for 'Hail Columbia,' who threatens us?" Great Britain by common consent is out of the question. We are immune from Germany's attack if for no other reason than that according to the census of 1910 nearly nine million American citizens were of German birth or immediate descendants, two millions of Austrians similarly related. "We shall never go to war with a country from which ten per cent of our population are so recently derived." "America is an international community, strong, incomparably strong for purposes of defense, but weak, perhaps incomparably weak, for offense." Concerning the invasion of America by Japan he said: "I labor under the disadvantage of having seen Japan and find it difficult to listen seriously to this proposition." The conclusion of the whole matter is, for aggressive purposes, military efficiency in the United States is impossible. "Our international strength will ever lie in the justness of our aims, in the moderation of our ambitions, the transparent uprightness of our international conduct, our isolation, and the inexhaustible reservoirs of our potential strength."

One More, Perchance the Last, Witness

Robert Browning, in his "Death in the Desert," conceives of the "Loving Disciple" in extreme old age, being burdened with the thought that his passing would leave the earth without a witness who could say, "I saw the Master." With a sense of grave responsibility, fully realizing his inadequacy of strength, time and power to fittingly sum up the life and to transmit the final testimony, he grew reminiscent and freely talked to the little group of fugitives in the desert of that which he had seen, and part of which he had been.

So there comes to us in these fitting Commemoration Days the precious "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" by Henry B. Rankin, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, with an introduction by our friend, Joseph Fort Newton, to whose persuasion and inspiration we are probably much indebted for this volume.

Mr. Rankin writes from the serene highlands of seventy-nine years. Can it be that he is the last of that splendid band of nation builders who were permitted to share the toils, the inspirations of the great "prairie-lawyer," as the Springfield poet, Vachel Lindsay, has called him. Menter Graham, John T. Stuart, Stephen T. Logan, Ninian Edwards, Lamon, Calhoun, Herndon, Bowling Greene, Peter Cartwright, Dr. Allen, Leonard Swett, Whitney, Sibley, Douglas, Isaac N. Arnold, Lyman Trumbull, John Hay, Richard Yates are all gone, and each one carried with him an unwritten and untransmittable record of their beloved companion, a comrade on the circuit, a fellow builder of Illinois. Of them, with them and for them always, but ever above them, he seemed somewhat aloof because the circumference of his life swung into reaches of spiritual territory unoccupied by his beloved and loving neighbors.

How precious these "Recollections" are becomes apparent at once to the student of Lincoln's life when we remember that the author's mother was a teacher, companion and confident of Ann Rutledge, and that Abraham Lincoln found in her a sympathetic adviser and hostess. The Rankin home was a shelter to the always striving but often puzzled and lonesome young man. Lincoln was twenty-six years of age when this "Harry" was born, but he was born in time to go fishing up and down the sluggish waters of the Sangamon, to go nutting along Wolf Creek. He knew Clary's Grove and Sandridge. He came in time to know the Bowling Greene home. He knew New Salem, the Old Mill and the Rutledge Hotel. What is more, he read law under Lincoln and was one of the boys in the office of Lincoln & Herndon during the exciting days of the Douglas Debate and the presidential nomination and election. Fortunately, as

these "Recollections" clearly show, his was a soul attuned to the higher emotions, he is gifted with a subtle insight, enriched by a culture that comes from being the child of refinement, the occupant of a home in which good books and good men and women were a part of the environment.

Many, perhaps most, of the admirers of Lincoln, even the would-be interpreters of Lincoln, needed this belated testimony to the normality, the sanity, the delightful humaneness and every-day-ness of the real Abraham Lincoln of whom most of his biographers have been able only to give a cartoon, not a portrait, as storekeeper, postmaster, County Surveyor and lawyer on the circuit.

It is good to have the story of Ann Rutledge at last told tenderly, reverently, and with the simplicity and sympathetic reserve which it deserves. It is good to have one of the best of the Lincoln stories straightened out and told with charming detail—"When Lincoln Swapped Horses." It tells how the unknown surveyor dismounted, that the good country doctor might on the fresh mount reach the land office twelve miles away before the Eastern "land shark" could enter on his claim. And it is very good at last to have a just and discriminating word said for the sadly misinterpreted and much misunderstood Mary Todd Lincoln.

In Chapter XXIV on "What Religion Meant to Lincoln," we read *in* the lines what heretofore the sagacious student of Lincoln had to read between the lines. We find, of course, a nature too large for the *creeds,* ill adapted to the formulas and forms of the current Christianity but sensitive to things divine. A familiarity with the expanding thoughts and experiences of the world. He found spiritual nourishment in the words of Theodore Parker and Walt Whitman. He carried in his memory for fifteen years a phrase of the former which sprang to his need in the great creative moments of the Gettysburg Address,—"A government of the people, for the people and by the people."

It is refreshing to find a degree of newness, a real addition to the story of Lincoln in the way he brackets the great years in Lincoln's Illinois career between the "two great speeches," one of them for the first time brought out into the clear. The one in 1856 delivered to his old neighbors of Menard County in the Court House Square at Petersburg. For half an hour he faced silently the jibes, jeers, the cat-calls, the defiers, who declared that "No damned abolition speeches could be made in Menard County this campaign." But the long arms finally commanded silence, the genial face invoked the neighbors' love and respect and the thrilling voice held them for two hours while he discussed the cause of "Free speech," "Free soil," "Free Kanass," and "*Frémont.*" Here, according to Mr. Rankin, who ran in and out as the page of the court, the son of the Sheriff, was the first version of the famous "Lost Speech," made at Bloomington a few months later, when the Republican party received its spiritual birth. This speech ultimately grew into the famous "A-house-divided-against-itself" speech delivered at Springfield some two years later. The other great speech, too little appreciated and too seldom studied, is the speech which UNITY for many years has tried to couple with the Gettysburg speech, and which are companioned in bronze in the vestibule of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, the Farewell Speech given from the rear end of the train that was about to bear him on to the majestic destiny and triumphant tragedy away from Springfield.

Six years ago we welcomed the appearance of Joseph Fort Newton's book on "Lincoln and Herndon" as containing much fresh material and furnishing some important missing links which heretofore had had to be inferred. It was an invaluable contribution to the spiritual biographies of Abraham Lincoln as he measured up alongside of the ardent, well-meaning, sometimes mistaken and misguided, but always loyal, William Herndon. If that book had not been probably this book would not have been made possible. Be that as it may, the long shelf of would-be Lincoln biographies is greatly enriched by the voice of this cultivated man, who was permitted to live so close to the heart and to feel so much of the spirit as well as to see so much of the life of his great tutor.

William Hunt, America's great artist interpreter, said that the intervening centuries had furnished no man great enough to understand and interpret Michael Angelo. Renan and others have called attention to the same great chasm between the Gospel biographers and their subject. The life of the Nazarene was too great, fresh and unique to be adequately interpreted by his contemporaries. Every student of Lincoln realizes that this is painfully true concerning the would-be lives of Lincoln. Well does this modest disciple say:

> "An hundred years more may elapse before this life can find a historian large and keen visioned enough to write into the pages of history the full and correct proportions of Abraham Lincoln's life and service."

When such a man does arrive he will find these "Recollections" of Henry B. Rankin invaluable. They will modify, neutralize and eliminate many weary pages that have distorted the features of the real Abraham Lincoln in the necessarily imperfect lines that have preceded it.

Ennui is the disease of hearts without feeling, and of minds without resources.—*Madame Roland.*

Preparedness Parades

With New York's preparedness parade fresh in our minds, Boston's demonstration coming May 27th, and Chicago's in preparation, it may not be amiss to analyze this newest phase of the vicious, well financed, militaristic propaganda that has been dinned into the ears, and has blinded the eyes of the citizens of this country during the past ten months.

It is one of the amazing things of this amazing period of world war, that people, generally speaking, can be so easily deceived by an obviously self-interested minority. It has been said that P. T. Barnum fooled part of the people a part of the time; but even he could not fool all the people all of the time; and neither (let us hope) can the advocates of Over-preparedness—the munitions makers, banking interests and multimillionaires, astute politicians, would-be-heroes and would-be office holders, and all those who are profiting or expect to profit in money or in honors, by this misuse of the people's substance.

Would it not be well to investigate the pedigree of the bird of preparedness, which, some one has said, has all the markings of "the decoy duck of militarism?" Let us take this "parade" phase. How many of us ask ourselves, "What is the motive back of these demonstrations?" "Whence comes the money to finance them?" "What do they signify?"

First, as to the significance of prepardeness parades. General Wood, who reviewed the New York parade, declared it to be the greatest argument America has ever known in favor of preparedness against elements at present unknown. ("At present unknown" is good!) The Springfield *Republican* says that, rightly interpreted, it was a demonstration of patriotic faith. Frank B. Sanborn, the oldest journalist in Boston, says these parades indicate a desire on the part of the citizens of the United States for Peace. One of the most decent of the New York papers says, editorially, that they are the thoughtless manifestations of loyalty to American ideals, on the part of people who, unfortunately, do not see that there are other and better ways to serve these ideals than by following in the footsteps of the militarists who have brought about the wreck of Europe.

As to the question, "Whence comes the money to finance these parades?" One of the leaflets that the Woman's Peace Party of New York distributed the day of the parade hints at one source. It reads:

"You are 100,000; but there are 2,000,000 farmers, 500,000 mine workers, and organized labor of the United States who are against what you and WALL STREET are marching for. Are you sure you are right?"

A straw which shows which way the wind blows is the recent letter of Henry L. Higginson to the citizens of Boston, inviting them to join the 27th of May demonstration. This is a voice from Boston's "Wall Street," be it said. Mr. Higginson, who is chairman of the general committee, is a splendid man, but can we say disinterested? Considering his banking activities and financial environment we must deny him, that, however much we admire and respect the man.

As to the question of motive. That is more difficult to answer. There are many motives, and they range from the meanest and lowest to the best and highest; but it is safe to say that the men behind "the thirty-eight corporations whose stock has gone up a thousand million dollars above its highest market value before the war," belong to the first class, while the fifty Episcopal ministers of Boston who have filed enrollment come into the other class. The Exchange Trust Company of Boston, no doubt, has a motive slightly different from that of the B. Y. M. C. U.—whatever the motive may be in each case.

The participation of the one thousand society and club women of Boston calls to mind the list of names that last fall were handed to David I. Walsh, then Governor of Massachusetts, to be recommended by him for a committee for a league of preparedness. He returned the list, saying, "Do you call this a representative list? Why, there is hardly a woman there who does not live on Commonwealth Avenue or Beacon Hill." I venture to say that these thousand women, some of whom are assisting in the preparations for May 27th, are far from representative.

March for preparedness if you must—preparedness FOR war or preparedness AGAINST war, whichever way it is given you to see it; but be sure that you recognize the fundamental element upon which all national preparedness must rest—which is, as the Springfield *Republican* well puts it, "an undivided loyalty to the national ideal of A FREE AND ENLIGHTENED DEMOCRACY." Not a bureaucracy or a plutocracy!

Boston, May 25. BLANCHE WATSON.

Another Parade Study

Does anyone think that the preparedness parade on Saturday is a general and spontaneous expression of real public concern? A few people are doubtless scared over our "defenceless" cities, but the most of the people are not scared at all, except for a mild infection of fear caught from others. They are just good-natured enough to be willing to march at the instance of a very zealous and well organized and financed minority.

Grant, however, that we all ought to be scared, there is not an item of honest persuasion in this parade—only the appeal to crowd psychology. There has been no fair public discussion, worthy of an intelligent nation, in a great issue of its history. How many men in the march could give any good reason why

they are there? We have simply substituted a parade for rational democratic discussion of a serious problem of national policy.

The worst of this business is its effect upon our freedom as citizens. We boast of our freedom, which, we are told, is threatened from abroad. But what is freedom? Not merely from a czar or an aristocratic class, but also from the tyranny of a crowd, or a majority, or a masterful and arrogant public opinion. We want to be free to express our honest opinions, and thus in an atmosphere of mutual respect to exchange our thoughts with other men and grow wiser. The parade is a steam roller process, tending to the suppression of free speech and free choice.

See how it works! Here is a man who has no wish to march, but his partners want to make "a good show" for their firm. He ought to be free. Is he free? Here are clerks who have a mind of their own, and they happen to loathe preparedness. But the word has gone out that "everyone ought to march." Are they free to say no? The word comes to the foreman from the office of the factory to ask his men how many of them will march. Suppose it is whispered that the "boss" hopes everyone will join. Are the men free? All this movement easily runs up into distinct pressure (oppression) upon men's wills. Men who have not the slightest fear of invasion are "roped in" to create a seeming demand for an immense armament, out of a real fear of disobliging their employers, who in turn may be afraid of their competitors!

What will such a parade tell to those who count its numbers? Nothing truthful. You have a lot of boyish fun in taking part in a pageant. You have perhaps the gift of a cane or a new hat. You hurrah for the flag. Do you appeal to any noble principle? Have you any valid test of sincerity or courage? Do you see anything to illuminate your intelligence, or to deepen your sympathy for millions of suffering people who are begging us through their tears to put an end to this stupid business of war?

Boston Herald. *Charles F. Dole.*

Military Training in the Public Schools

Enforced or encouraged military training in our public schools, universities and colleges is the worst form of conscription. It is the first step to militarism and the twin brother of royalty.

Is conscription in our public schools to be the price of preparedness? The paramount issue before the American people today is to save our school boys from the "trenches," and the little brick school house that "follows the flag" from being turned into rifle ranges. Apparently we are drifting into "preparedness at any price." To me the appalling danger we are threatened with is the raid the war party is making on the public schools, universities and colleges for their war material. These fellows tell us our boys need military training and discipline to develop their physical manhood; when the real facts are they are after the free services of millions of our innocent school boys to make soldiers of them; and thus protect, stimulate and perpetuate the enormous profitable business of the gun and ammunition makers that are supposed to be back of the "war party." What a fearful price to pay for preparedness? The lives and future welfare of the American boy, the finest product of the world.

Baseball bats, boats and footballs are better than bayonets for our school boys intended and being prepared for the "nation builders" and to perpetuate future generations.

Until the war party demanded their free services the regular standard school athletics were considered ample for their physical development, and in many cases too strenuous. When the manual of arms and marching are added many of the innocent healthy exercises now in vogue must give way to the guns and bayonets and how to use them. Soon the American boy will cease to be the old-fashioned scholar and athlete after he becomes infatuated with the modern science and art of "killing." It will "grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength" until they land in the army and on the "firing line" in place of the useful spheres in life that education fitted them for. Inoculate the school boys of this land with the war germ and inevitably these boys, grown to manhood, will never be satisfied until they have put into practice their early training. Then will our nation begin to crumble. One of our prosperous Chicago business men, while discussing with me the school boy issue, first grew eloquent, then bordering on real temper, when, like the rest of his pals in the "war party," he demanded "preparedness at any price." Questioned as to how he would like his son put in training for the ranks, he said his son was a Yale student and had asked his permission to join a battery that was being formed at college, but that he had refused his consent as his son was taking on extra studies and that the military training would interfere with his class work. This true incident seems to indicate that our intensely patriotic gun makers and preparedness advocates with sons at Yale and Harvard are anxious to have the poor man's sons in the common schools do the fighting to save this country from invasion while their sons finish education undisturbed.

Preparedness purchased with the blood of the poor man's son and the widow's boy? What a fearful price to pay!

AN OLD VETERAN.

MOTHERLESS.

He was so small, so very small,
That since she ceased to care,
'Twas easy just to pass him by,
Forgetting he was there;
But though too slight a thing he seemed
Of interest to be—
One heart had loved him with a love
As boundless as the sea.

He was so poor, so very poor,
That now, since she had died,
He seemed a tiny threadbare coat
With nothing much inside;
But, ah, a treasure he concealed,
And asked of none relief;
His shabby little bosom hid
A mighty grown-up grief.

—Florence Earle Coats, in Harper's.

THE PULPIT

"Above All Nations Is God"
—Prime Minister of Holland

Theism Brought Down to Date

I.

Psalm XXIII and the War

Where is the Shepherd?

Sermon Preached May 7, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Help us, Father, in our search for things lasting, in our quest for the power that fades not, in our pursuit of deathless things. Forbid our empty phrasing, but lead us into the high sanctity of the silences where ever broods the ineffable. Amen.

Where is your God? The great nations of Europe are lifting up agonized hands seeking divine intervention. King, Kaiser and Czar have invoked the benediction of deity on those who go forth to war. I, for one, believe in their sincerity, but obviously their prayers have gone unanswered. Across the skies of helpless Europe we can almost see flitting a cynic smile of derision and contempt.

One thing is sure—the comforting Psalm that you have sung this morning has today little signficance in the trenches of Europe. "The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know!" This blessed verse has brought comfort and peace and strength to untold millions. But I do not propose to discuss the personal element in this Psalm, though I believe that God in personal experience is a practical verity and that there is the God of the Thorn as well as the God of the Rose.

This morning let us face the gruesome fact that God is not answering the prayers of nations, however it may be with those of individuals. It is, to all appearance, a "neutral power" that sits on the throne of the universe. One thing is sure, wherever he is and however he works, so far as has yet been heard, he is neither pro-Briton nor pro-German. The Allies receive no special favors at his hands, and the Central Powers cry in vain to him.

Where is the Shepherd? To him the barbed wire entanglements ordained on the firing line are as forbidding on the one side as on the other. Let us be honest with ourselves. God has shown no evidence of partiality. He has not responded to the invocations of serried armies and is not particularly respectful to the worship of those under arms.

Another affirmation is safe: Whatever the mystic purposes of the Eternal may be, they are not worked out within the comprehension of short-lived man. God does not reveal himself in the story of a generation. Whatever the power that rules the universe may be, it works with provoking leisure. His activities are unhasting, albeit they are unresting. The measuring line of human history is not long enough to measure the ticks of the clock of destiny. So, however we are to answer the question, "Where is the Shepherd?" we must in these warring days seek a long measuring line, one long enough to reach across the geographical and geological eras of the world, one that measures the unmeasured swing of the planets. When we remember that a "thousand years in His sight are but as yesterday," and that the councils of the Eternal are deliberate, then we may begin to find the God of the nations, perchance the "Shepherd" of the battlefield. But we must not beg the question. In the long events of astronomy we can rest upon what has become the unquestioned word of the star. The revelation of the telescope stays. The science that deals with the limitless stars and the swing of the planets and calculates the return of the wayward comet can be trusted.

Astronomy and chemistry are among the most exact of the sciences. If we were in the holy of holies of an observatory in the solemn calm of midnight, watching the skilful operator point the gun that shoots into space, makes no mistake and leaves no blood stain, we should see him setting his telescope to the tick of the watch according to a calculation made in Greenwich perhaps ten years before, and prompt to the engagement made when "first the morning stars sang together for joy." The star is there on the tick of your watch, because your watch, regulated by the sun, is in league with the planetary system. This much, at least, is given us. When we take a long measuring line we find something very lasting, something enduring. Here at least is a potency, curbed by law, amenable to order, and may we not say also that this power is not only orderly but that it makes for beauty?

However the ages have grown, they have made for beauty. The menacing cactus, the forbidding sandburr, the inhospitable thistle, these are first called upon to carpet the naked places of the desert. Out of the economy of nature, divine or otherwise, the creation groaneth towards beauty. The rose, the apple blossom, aye, the winsome babe and the loving mother, are made beautiful by no device of man. Rather does the strain of creation ever bear things onward toward beauty. This much, at least, of the "Shepherd" we have found. "Oh, but this is very, very slow," you say; but it is not such a long while in the strata of geology, and it is a still shorter space in the council of the planets.

Once more, there is a tendency in nature, independent of man, outside of though revealed in human endeavor, which reaches towards love, towards gentleness. This tendency is discovered in the bird in its nest-building days, just as surely as we find it in the babe nestling in a modern Madonna's arms. There is something at work that makes for tenderness. Nature is partial to love, and if you take a long enough measuring line you will discover it.

I am not unmindful of the awful contradictions of the trenches. I have seen and, to a degree felt, the sting of bullets, the loss of blood and the unanswered prayer for relief. And still, in the long events of time, we are surely emerging out of the coarse and cruel into gentleness and love. A spirit of mercy is expressing itself more and more in the legislation of the nations. Alongside of the deadly shrapnel, the hideous submarine, the impious desecration of the air, there remains over against this horrible debit column a constantly developing Red Cross benevolence, a constant encroachment upon the domain of cruelty by the forces of gentleness and love. In so far as the story of battlefields has been written there goes along with the gruesome tortures an unparalleled gentleness of

the human heart, an outpouring of sympathy from all peoples.

Oh, it is slow! We cannot check up Providence at any given time. Reckless indeed is the man who tries to strike a balance sheet for Europe today in such a way as to find a balance on the credit side, when he claims to post the books of mercy and of love.

Once more and lastly, there climbs through the failures and disasters of man an ever unfolding sense of duty, a sense of obligation not man-made, though man-sought. These things give us something of a stock in trade when we go out to look for the fellowship that is guarding and fighting in the rifle pits of Europe. Though the development is slow and the catalogue of mercy be short and the verdict of conscience confused, still, "In His way," and not in mine, he answers my prayer that I may conform to the Eternal will, that I may contribute to the everlasting beauty, that I may be touched with tenderness and love, and that I may be conscience guided.

"Two things command my reverence," said the greatest of modern philosophers, the great Oracle of Peace, Immanuel Kant: "The starry heavens above, and the sense of ought within." In this epigram the philosopher has compassed the box for the soul mariner. I do not care how slow it is. I may not measure its deliberations, but so long as I can bank on the faith that there is a power, persistent and aggressive, ever making for rhythmic order, ever shaping itself into beauty, ever phrasing itself in mercy and patiently groping towards the light, I can say on the grimmest of battlefields, "The Lord is my shepherd." I will seek shelter under his wing and trust my little seed into the keeping of the great unseen.

So, though my words falter and my phrases are challenged, as I fall on the altar steps that lead to prayer, I will leave at the altar something that will be absorbed in the universe that is groaning for beauty, that is tutoring bird and man into gentleness and seeks to teach the created to follow the demands of the Creator as it is slowly revealed in man's own conscience.

You know the story that shows how in less than a hundred years the great Captain of the Eighteenth Century, the mighty conqueror, Napoleon Bonaparte, has retired from the affections of the people of France. When the plebiscite was taken at the close of the nineteenth century to determine who was the greatest Frenchman, the great man on horseback fell into fourth place, and Pasteur, Victor Hugo and Gambetta, men who were dealing with the non-military forces of life, were promoted to the head of the column.

The De Medicis of Florence were very ambitious and very wealthy. Lorenzo was the first great poltical "boss" and aggressive financier in modern history, and with his great wealth he summoned the mighty Angelo to shape for him a worthy tomb. The great prophet of beauty lent himself to the high task, but now, when you go to Florence to visit this tomb, you go not to pay your devotions to the master of finance, the great banker of Europe, whose crest of three gold balls has been degraded to represent the pawnshop of today, but that you may be filled by the beauty once imprisoned in marble and delivered by the chisel of Michael Angelo.

A mighty Pharaoh bent the energies of his absolute power to the building of the stupendous pyramids in order to commemorate his kingship, and he called upon the poet laureate of Egypt to chant the praises of his victories, to write in noble verse his triumphs. The lines of Pentaur abide today, the gem of Egyptian literature, representing perhaps the high water mark of Egyptian intellectuality and beauty. But who cares for the Pharaoh? Who even knows who he was? The poet has survived the conqueror. The tyrant is a very, very dead thing, indeed, never more dead than when he was disinterred, though his bones were found in a pretty good state of preservation, robed to stay, an object of curiosity to the philosopher. But the words of the poet, Pentaur, still endure and still kindle the imagination of men.

History justifies the assertion that Nature,—call it by the most modest and impersonal name you can find,—is partial to beauty, is committed to gentleness, and is slowly writing upon the hearts of men a sense of the Eternal right.

My attention was called the other day to a much neglected and overlooked episode in the history of Australia. It remained for Mark Twain in his "Following the Equator" to discover the story of the annihilation of the Tasmanians, a people who, as he said, deserved better things. Only three hundred men, women and children were left to baffle thirty thousand English soldiers for twenty-six years, for during all that time, in spite of their numbers and military training, they were unable to wipe the original owners off the island and supplant them with English greed and pretension. When the work seemed well nigh hopeless, George Augustus Robinson—remember his name, for I am afraid you have never heard of him before, as I had not until I read the story by Mark Twain—George Augustus Robinson, a bricklayer, asked permission to try his hand in subduing these "fierce, terribly pugnacious" natives. He persuaded a few of the natives who had come under the sway of the English government to accompany him. After passing through horrible deserts and wild canyons in that rugged country, they finally came face to face with all that were left of the three hundred men and women. As the two parties stood face to face the natives asked, "Where are your guns?" "We have none." "Where are your little guns?" (meaning pistols). "We have none." "What do you want?" Then the women in Robinson's party went forward, threw up their hands three times, the women of the other party met them with salutations, and suddenly there was a rush into one another's arms. This was a triumph so real and noble that it lasted. But the sequel is a pathetic illustration of the way the white man has failed to understand the rights of the natives. Mark Twain quaintly says of Robinson, after weighing him in the coolest corners of his critical mind, that he was "one of the greatest men in the world." He said, "They have erected to him a statue in the public square," and then catches himself and says, "No; that was another man. I have forgotten his name!" What a comment on history. Of that "other man," represented by the bronze figure in the public square in Tasmania, he says: "Well, I have forgotten. I don't know what his name was." But this bricklayer Robinson is safe in the annals of human progress, and some day he may have a

statue in the public square. But no matter whether he does or not, he can do without it.

I cannot push this discussion further today. Happily, though, it is a thricetold tale in this pulpit. I plant my faith in God upon the unchallenged realities of nature. I find the Father revealing himself in the rose, the lily and the apple blossom, and in the tendency to mercy.

There was a flurry of contempt on the part of the newspapers over the recent advertisement of the armored beast of ancient zoology as representing the nation prepared for war. They hastened to remind us that the dinosaur died because he was a vegetarian and did not take to meat diet, and because he failed to live a strenuous life. If there is any comfort accompanying that statement they are welcome to it. But this is the meaning of the dinosaur, this is the lesson of all the great armored animals, those creatures with plated body, poisoned fangs, terrible horns and fearful tusks,—every one of them have gone or are going. They are doomed by a fiat of nature,—not simply the dinosaur, the clumsy antecedent of the rhinoceros and crocodile,—he went out long ago. But the lion and the tiger, the hyena and the wolf are going, going by the eternal decree of nature, because an unarmed man with unprotected body has come into possession of the earth and his weapons are those forged by brains. His progress is marked by the triumphs of reason and science, and he is the prophet of the gentle life.

Now, then, can we not sing "The Lord is my shepherd," even with the battle-torn peoples of Europe in mind?

May the peace of God which passeth all understanding, the peace which the world cannot give or take away, be with us now and abide with us for evermore. Amen.

Indian Asceticism

There are many forms of asceticism in India, but I speak of no sham but true asceticism.

The true and the pseudo are so mixed up, that even the best educated are fooled away.

Our modernists, much less the Europeans, cannot see any good in them; so much so, that they drive them away, suspecting them all criminal.

One who leads a pure ascetic life at heart can make out a true ascetic. The others, like image in the looking-glass, see nothing but the vile and the despicable. We thoroughly mistake when we conjecture that asceticism is all dry, sterile and devoid of all mellowness. Does not the great poet, Longfellow, say, "Things are not what they seem?" Exactly so in case like this.

Physically speaking, health and longevity are the fruits of asceticism; and mentally speaking, divine concentration and immunity from cares and anxieties.

In India all great founders of sects or cults were ascetic.

Nanak, who is father of all Sikhs who are now fighting European battles side by side with the Allies, is truly an ascetic.

Even an up-to-date Sikh has badges of poverty and ennui.

Buddha's asceticism rose so high that his life was in danger of being perished. Afterward he reverted to moderate asceticism, and his immediate followers left him. According to him, it is a sin even to use perfumery.

Even Mohammed is a *fakir* (ascetic) with all his worldy environment.

Even in our own time, so recent as a quarter of a century, Ram Krishna took a rupee in one hand and a sod in another, so as to compare whether both are at a par.

Jesus is Europeanized; otherwise, in his native color, he is an out-and-in oriental anchorite.

In my youth I saw an anchorite to whom small coins were scattered by the visitors, but who did not heed them. When he left his seat he did not pick them up. Once he was talking of "hell" to a visitor. I asked him, "What is hell?" Then he turned toward the street and saw a youth dressed with shoes and stockings on. Then, addressing me, he said the desire in him to become one like such is "hell." I could not make out its real import then, but now I find that the hankering after worldly pleasures invariably lead to "hell," but can't have any satisfaction.

On another occasion I saw an ascetic who took only a cup of milk, or two or three burnt potatoes after nightfall. Many would return with their present of food because he would not keep in store for tomorrow, nor would he accept more than ordinary diet per day. Even at the time of taking this too scant meal, he would look around to see if there was any really needy person beside him. If any beggar or hungry ascetic is then found, he would give his share of that day to him with glee. Is not such self-sacrifice most uncommon and unusual? One trader gave him a brass pot (lota) to use; but when he was about to depart he returned it to the donor. But the latter insisted to accept the utensil, but the ascetic said in my presence that he would not like possessing any worldly things whereto his attachment might be drawn!

While asleep under a tree one night, a pilferer searched his cloth bag, whereupon he calmly told him to retire lest a police officer see him! Thus the saying of Jesus about non-resistance became concrete.

In an isle in the midst of the River Brahmaputra before Gauhati town, I saw two ascetics living in a rocky cave, as Buddhist and Hebrew monks lived in days of yore. I asked them where would they get their food. They replied Providence would supply them. Under such circumstances they keep most excellent health, and generally attain very great longevity. If prone to illness, they never take medicine, but observe religious ordinances. I once asked such an ascetic: "How long will you live?" He boastfully replied: "It is my hand."

The present war has taught people to wage war against luxury and intemperance, which rose so high that its reduction has become a most galling problem.

When a man can keep up excellent health with few potatoes and rice boiled or potatoes with bread, why so much waste of animal life? Whether you like my statement or not, the intemperance, the luxury, the too much leaning to pleasures, the indifference to religion, has brought on this catastrophe in Europe which has no parallel in the history of mankind.

SARAT CH. CHAKRAVARTI.

Gologhat, India, April 18, 1916.

The Cosmopolitan

An Address at the Annual Banquet of the Cosmopolitan Club of the University of Nebraska, by Henry Chung a Korean Student

Perhaps the most interesting of all studies is the study of human beings; and the cosmopolitan is the most interesting of all men. He is an heir of all the ages, and the hope of the future. He has a universal character and a judicial temperament—a character that is worthy of respect and admiration in all ages, among all peoples; a temperament that is so well balanced as to be able to meet every problem with fairness and in an unbiased attitude. His morals are of a quality unchallenged by the ethical standard of any people, whether Christian or Mohammedan; and his view-points are cosmic that he understands the different grades of intellect and is able to see things from their points of view.

I think it is the index of a man's caliber and training to be able to see things from others' points of view, and appreciate their relationship. Once a wise New England farmer came to Professor John Graham Brooks of Harvard and asked this question: "Professor Brooks, just what is a fool?" Professor Brooks scratched his head and said: "I don't know." "Well, Doctor Brooks," replied the farmer, "I'll tell you what a fool is. A fool is the man who looks at one thing fixedly and steadfastly to the exclusion of all other related facts which alone can explain the thing he is looking at; that is a fool." John Graham Brooks, the eminent scholar of Harvard University, said that it was just about the best definition of a fool that he had ever heard in his life. If we could understand each other thoroughly, we could solve many of our difficulties with our fellowmen and eliminate unnecessary disputes.

The idea of geographical isolation or national separation between different peoples is antiquated. In this day and age we can no more live to ourselves, apart from the world, than we could weave homespun clothes and travel in prairie schooners. We have common interest and common destiny with the rest of the world. For we know civilization must rise or fall as a unit. There can be no true civilization while any men in the world are left out of it, and no race or nation can go far forward while other races and nations lag behind. In order to lift ourselves on to a higher plane of enlightenment, it is necessary that we should lift those about us. Modern science tells us that no man can live a hygienic life in a filthy community. This world is a great community in which we live and play our part. The best way to keep our knowledge is to give it away. Our arts and sciences become more beautiful when we impart them to others. When we render service with an unselfish motive, we invariably feel the reacting impulse of lofty endeavor. Thus,

"Teaching we learn
and giving we receive."

The great task of every advanced nation is not to conquer smaller countries or inferior races and discipline them with a mailed fist. It is to bring more love, more light into the world. A stand for racial aristocracy or military domination means war, hatred, barren exclusiveness, and final degeneration and failure. A stand for racial democracy and political freedom means love in the world, friendliness, sacrifice, new futility, a wider sweep for faith and final triumph.

The people in the world are drawing closer together into larger and larger units. Communities consolidated into tribes, tribes into nations. Now we have the final problem of world organization,—whether the nations will organize themselves into a unit, giving up local interests for the sake of the larger interest of all, and meeting each other on terms of honor and equality.

In this great movement the cosmopolitan has a unique role to play. He carries no ancestral hatred or traditional prejudice. He has no particular religious creed of his own except that of service and brotherhood of men. He knows no more of national or racial lines than a bird. He meets all men on terms of honor and equality and considers all useful labor to be of equal importance. He has respect for social conventionality, but is not a slave to it. He does not fear to stand alone in defense of a principle, if it need be. He is a true citizen of the world. He may hate Prussian militarism, yet advocate German efficiency; he may abhor Russian autocracy, yet fellow the doctrine of Tolstoi; he may denounce English imperialism, yet love Shakespeare and Browning. He is the medium through which all the finer qualities of all the races are gathered to bloom into a newer and more beautiful flower of civilization.

Thus we may think that a true cosmopolitan is strong and unselfish, that he has not only social grace and intellectual attainments, but also the dominant aspiration of the human race. He has the cosmopolitan culture which means something more than good manners and intellectual graces. He is simple in his life and humble in his point of view, and above all is teachable. Some truth he knows and to all truth he is open. He does not seek American truth, Teutonic truth, Latin truth, or Asiatic truth—but truth. He has the sterling patriotism that is too high for hate and too broad for conquest. He will have his country do unto other nations what he should like to see other nations do unto his own. Amidst all the lust of war, wrangling over petty disputes, and mad chase for wealth in modern commercialism, he quietly yet courageously pushes his convictions to the ultimate goal of true cosmopolitanism,—the federation of nations and brotherhood of men, as Tennyson dreamed and prophesied more than a half century ago in the lines:

"When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be,—
Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever repeating something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things they shall do!
Till the war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

The early habit of having a life in God, above the trials and occupations of the world, is an all-sufficient practical proof of immortality. Every triumph over the flesh is a help to realize after death. Shut out the world, live in the consciousness of God, and you will know of the mysteries of life and death.

MOZOOMDAR.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XIII.

Alfred the Great 849-901

The Great English King; the Father of English Literature

Mrs. William Rothmann, Leader

Power is never good, unless he be good that has it.
—King Alfred.

The England of the ninth century differed in many ways from the England of today. Covered with huge forests, great marshes, especially in the south, and moors all about and, amid the forests, bogs and undrained quagmire—a fine place for a fierce warlike tribe to defend itself, as did the Briton of that early day. The Roman invasion of Julius Caesar in the time of Christ, followed later by more Roman soldiers and settlers, did not change the character of the inhabitants. After their defeat the natives retreated to their wild fastnesses and dwelt apart from their conqueror. When Rome went to pieces, her soldiers were withdrawn from England and its power died into a vague tradition of the past. Rome's organization of government and society disappeared with the people who used it.

Then the Angles and Saxons, Germanic tribes, took possession. The Angles took the north and the Saxons the south and west while the Britons retreated to Wales where they remained unaffected by their neighbors, retaining to this day the speech, look and character of their primitive ancestors.

The land was divided by forest, hill and marsh, into many petty kingdoms which fought each other persistently for four hundred years and thereby made themselves an easy prey of the Danes, who next appeared as conquerors. They fought in light marching order, pouncing down on a town, raiding and burning it, then leaving before help could be summoned. When hard pressed, they took to their boats and, as the Saxons had none, they were at the mercy of the invader.

"The Danish army harried the West Saxon's land and settled there and drove over sea much of the people and of the rest, the most they harried and the people submitting to them, save King Alfred, and he, with a little band, withdrew to the woods and fastnesses in the moors." So runs the old Saxon chronicle.

The Danish army was now a large and disciplined host, bent on conquering and settling new lands and they occupied much of the country already. They were heathen who hated Christianity, culture, arts and civilization but with a genius for war. But they met their master in Alfred.

Born in 849, the fifth son of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons, Alfred appeared to have but a remote chance of inheriting the crown. He was sent by his father to Rome when only four years of age and remained there until his father went to bring him back three years later. Ethelwulf died in 856 and Alfred's brothers each ruled a short time and in 871 the crown fell to Alfred. Three years before, when he was 19 years of age, he was married to Ellswyth, with whom he lived in affectionate regard all the rest of his life.

At 22 he found himself king of a little patch of ground, West Saxony, whose discouraged people were not united for defense and who were surrounded by a hostile army.

This young prince came into the difficult task of conquering an arrogant invader, of uniting a disjointed and discouraged people, and of reawakening the spirit of progress.

During his first year as king he fought nine battles and kept on fighting during his entire reign, with the exception of the three last years.

After the Peace of Wedmore, 878, he found more time to devote to building up his kingdom. Forts were erected, abbeys and schools built, waste districts drained and repeopled and a regular army organized. A fleet was built of boats, specially designed for speed, —the beginning of the English navy of today. At the close of his life and by the end of the next two reigns, the English navy was in command of the channel.

Alfred revised the laws and made the judges his direct ministers. He collected all the old laws and compiled them carefully, selecting what seemed best with the advice and approval of the Witan.

The permanent effects on English history of his skill as a statesman made him one of the principal founders of English greatness. His restoration of London is an example. For twelve years the great trading city of London had been in the hands of the Danes, a city of deserted streets. Alfred rebuilt its walls, made new gates, invited foreign merchants to come in, reopened communication with other ports and repeopled the city. The Danes, when at last conquered, proposed to Alfred that they should be baptized and become Christians, and he wisely consented. Now the burning, plundering, raiding, slaughtering heathen were outwardly christianized, confronted at sea by a strong fleet, and gradually recognizing the moral force of superior civilization. At last Alfred ruled over a compact realm, well fortified and with a people who recognized the necessity for co-operation. His wise, firm, victorious government impressed the smaller and more backward tribes all around, so his sphere of influence reached all over the island. Like Charlemagne, he called great men of learning, teachers, churchmen, travellers of note to his court. Asser, a learned monk of St. David's, lived in Alfred's family. He became teacher, counsellor and friend, and wrote a fine biography of him. His girls were educated with his boys and in his remarkable will he honors the "spindle half" of his family equally with the "spear half." He encouraged foreign traders and called artists and craftsmen from the continent to direct his building, the arts, and so on. Like Charlemagne, his Palace School became famous. He sent yearly em-

bassies to the Pope and restored the Saxon College at Rome.

His writings are most unusual. He gave form and impulse to the Angle-Saxon Chronicle, which is the principal, sometimes the sole authority, for events described therein. Much of that written in Alfred's time was in his own hand, so he is rightly called the father of English literature. He desired that all his people should receive an education and established schools to that end. A ruler surpassing all others in wisdom and insight as well as in complete self abnegation in his dealings with the people, he strove to convey knowledge to them in their own language through translations.

He was centuries ahead of his age in recognizing the necessity of geographical knowledge to statesman, soldier and merchant. His journey to Rome, although he was so small a child, with his habit of accurate observations made him a trained geographer. He translated Orosius' account of his journey to Palestine and added to it a chapter of his own.

There was no practical geography written until 700 years after Alfred's time.

His other principal claims to authorship are translations of Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," written in 522. The "Cara Pastoralis," written in 600 and Bedes' History of England, and his compilation of charming bits of philosophy he calls "Blooms." Harrison says, "Alfred did more than contribute translations to the literature of his country. He laid the very foundations of our literature. He collected and preserved the poetry based on early legends. He made his children learn their songs, he himself singing to the music of his own harp. But he did more than collect the poetry, he began the prose. Before Alfred there was no Anglo-Saxon prose."

Freeman says, "Alfred is the most perfect character in history. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defense of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, nor lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph; there is no other name in history to compare with his."

PANAMA.

The Horn shall shiver beneath the spray,
High-flung to its frowning crest,
And the waters thunder around its base,
Where never a wave may rest.
Wastes and wastes of a desolate surge,
Hinting the wrath of the Demiurge.

Aloof in imperial loneliness,
From battlements swart with night
The stars shall stare till the groaning sea
Grows grayer with morning's light.
Gray-winged clouds on a grayer sky,
And a dipping seagull skimming by.

Save when the soggy derelicts
Or east or westward creep,
No keel shall sunder the swirling weeds
That toss on the shark-hued deep.
The surly spirits of storm shall brood
Amid Cape Horn's grim solitude.

For north of the Line the Isthmus lies
Like a silvery belt between
The huge Pacific, green and blue,
The Atlantic, blue and green.
Far from the wastes that rage and toss
South of the slant of the Southern Cross.

And it's Ho, for the seas where the dolphins play!
And Ho, for the glint and gleam
Of the waters stirred by the Tritons' hands
While Neptune lies a-dream!
It's Ho, for the seas where the mermaids be,
And the tropics' subtler wizardry!

For the lands to the east have laid aside
(Expectant of argosies)
Their languor and their opium dreams,
Their Time-old mysteries.
India, China and roused Japan—
Magnets these for the merchantman.

And a Voice is crying: "Come West! Come West!"
And another Voice cries: "Come East!"
And the big-mawed steamers churn the seas
With gifts for the bridal feast.
The East and the West are the Bride and Groom,
And the world their magnificent bridal room.

'Tis we who have mated the Hemispheres
In the bonds of a splendid love;
The story shall ever be writ in flame
And nations shall tell thereof.
Flashing and flaring from star to star
Ever the signword—Panama.

We have severed with ease a continent,
And made of the oceans one;
What the Frenchman tried for years to do
We tackled, and it was done.
For it's Yankee brains and it's Yankee breed,
And it's Yankee grit in the hour of need.

Alameda, Cal. HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Unfinished Life—

Among the avalanche of articles concerning the European horror now in progress, there seems a dearth from the religious point of view, the theosophists are rather silent, and those of other liberal faiths. Have not these people been a little neglectful in expressing themselves? This mad rushing of people out of the world before they have had their chance here is surely a point to notice. Those of us who believe in a progressive development here, or hereafter, should feel rebellious not only at the wholesale robbery of the world by the taking away of potential artists, scientists or other scholars in many possible lines,—but,—the robbery of these *men* of their right to that development which earth life gives to a human soul. What was it Buddha said: "Kill not lest thou destroy the *meanest* thing on its upward way!" Think of this commandment and then of the millions of lives wantonly destroyed before the first *third* perhaps has been lived here! It has been said that men do their best work after they are fifty years old! What a commentary on this slaughter! We will make no comment here on the useful or beautiful occupations dropped for the hideous one of murdering one's fellows. While it is a fearful crime to force men to kill each other, it seems infinitely worse to hurl these young men off the earth before they have finished the ladder of life we are all struggling to climb; snatching them before their *real* work is done or perhaps begun. Our average orthodox friends hark back to the "bible old" for justification of almost *everything*. Said one to me yesterday: "The bible says, 'hell shall be raised.'" I held up my hand in protest, and the woman was quieted, if not convinced, by my argument that our community today would not be half so good an one if it were following literally the teachings of the Old Testament. C. F. WETMORE.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Held at Garden City (N. Y.), April 25-27, 1916.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That since permanent peace must be ultimately based on religious sanctions, and back of all international organizations must be good will, the American Council call a representative Congress of the Churches of the World, to meet at the close of this war, when and where the terms of peace shall be discussed, or in such other European center as may be deemed expedient, to consider how the churches of the world may help to establish a new international order, and above all to insist that the nations of the world act toward each other in accordance with those principles of mutual justice and fairness which regulate the relations of good men everywhere, and that the carrying out of this plan be referred to the Executive Committee.

Resolved, That we call upon the churches of America to make sacrificial efforts to contribute for the relief of the suffering peoples in Europe and Asia, without regard to race, religion or nationality, thus giving powerful proof of Christian good will.

Resolved, That this Council invite every local congregation in the United States to establish its own Peace Makers' Committee through which to co-operate in this world movement.

Resolved, That the Executive Commitee be instructed to transmit to all national ecclesiastical bodies in the United States copies of the resolutions adopted, and invite them to take such action as they may deem wise in order to co-operate in this world movement, and particularly to establish, if they have not already done so, their own Peace Makers' Commissions.

Resolved, That the Council urge upon the churches:

(a) Careful study both of the Oriental problem itself and also of the proposals for a fundamental solution which have been offered, including comprehensive immigration legislation free from race discrimination.

(b) Such action as may seem wise for embodying in local and national legislation, and in our international relations, the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood, guaranteeing to all peoples, small and great, east and west, the enjoyment of just and equal treatment.

The following resolution was presented at the close of the last session and was referred to the Executive Committee with power.

Resolved, That this Conference earnestly approves all efforts so to shape our pending measures relative to immigration as to recognize existing agreements with other nations, by avoiding such actions as would tend to imply distrust and would seem to impugn the honor of such nations; and we deeply deplore all efforts to create and imply such distrust of our agreements in the absence of any evidence of the breaking or evasion of such agreements, and especially when the nations concerned have reassured us of their intention to keep them faithfully.

In the light of this principle, we deprecate the utterances by or through the public press which would tend to embitter the feelings and injure the relations of good will now existing between America and Asiatic and other nations, especially such as, without evidence and by gratuitous assumption, impugn the motives and purposes of these nations in their relations with our nation.

At the first meeting of the Executive Committee, held immediately after the Conference, this resolution was passed and ordered published.

ATASCADERO'S FEDERATED CHURCH.

Dear UNITY:

It has long been in my mind to give you an article or two about Atascadero, not primarily to advertise that interesting colony, but because some ideals are being worked out there that have long been dear to you and it is encouraging to see the ideals one believes in taking form. The following account of the Federated Church is condensed from an article in the *Atascadero News* of April 8.

Dr. Edward A. Berry, pastor of the Federated Church, first came to Atascadero during the June convention of 1914. He was then affiliated with one of the regular denominations. He asked Mr. Lewis whether or not the Colony management was then ready to take up with the denominations the matter of aiding them to establish themselves here. Mr. Lewis replied that the Colony stood ready to assist, but out of the conversation came the suggestion that perhaps there was a better way for Atascadero than that which usually leads to a number of poorly supported church units. Mr. Lewis did not feel certain that the

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time had come when the ideal plan could be put in force, but published the suggestion in the National Weekly with the invitation to its readers to express themselves regarding the matter. The responses were very numerous.

Nothing further came of the matter so far as Atascadero was concerned until the succeeding convention in July, 1915. At that time Dr. Berry came again, prepared to spend a week in Tent City, but expecting to return to his work in Loleta. During the convention a feeling had grown up among some that Atascadero should have a Federated Sunday School, and a meeting for the purpose of organizing such a Sunday School was called to meet at the Stadium on July 4th. This resulted in the organization of a Sunday School. This action was so enthusiastically carried through that the suggestion was made that another meeting be held in the evening to discuss the advisability of forming a Federated Church. This meeting was held and was followed by another at the same place on the evening of Sunday, July 11th. After Bible School on the morning of the 11th, Dr. Berry preached, having for his theme, "Paul, the Man of Vision," taking as his text Acts 26:19, "Whereas, Oh King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

After the preaching, announcement was made that a meeting would be held at 8 p. m. for the purpose of organizing the Federated Church. A large and enthusiastic audience gathered at the appointed hour. Dr. Berry again set forth the plan, which was adopted by a unanimous vote. The Church was regularly organized by the reading of a constitution, which was adopted as a whole on the 18th of July.

When the book of the church was opened for signatures on the evening of the 11th, the people fairly crowded around for opportunity to sign, and 120 members were enrolled that night. The roll now (April 8) numbers about 225, about one-half of whom give their address as Atascadero and thirty-five give distant states as their homes. Seventeen different states and fifteen denominations, Protestant and Catholic, are represented. In addition to the Federated Church and the Federated Sunday School, there has also been organized a Ladies' Guild.

The Federated Church of Atascadero is already a success, although working upon untried lines, it has met with such hearty approval on the part of all who know its plan that the work has progressed with remarkable smoothness. Atascadero is one place where the church is not split into competitive fragments.

Dr. Edward A. Berry, the pastor, is a brother of Bishop Joseph F. Berry of the Methodist Church. He gave up pulpit work at one time to become a professor in Atlanta Theological Seminary. Later he was identified with the home missionary department of the Congregational Church in the work of that church in federating small denominational units, in small towns, into strong churches of an undenominational character. He had been led into this field in his efforts to carry out the ideas he advanced while holding his Seminary chair at Atlanta, and it was because of his great interest in that line of effort that he accepted the pastorate of the Federated Church of Atascadero.

One distinction, however, between the work at Atascadero and in other places where the Federated Church idea has been adopted must not be lost sight of. It is this: that in other places what is sought is usually a federation of bodies already existing, while here the federated plan came in response to the popular wish that there be, from the beginning, but one church.

Even those who hold that there will always be the various denominations and that they are likely to appear here in time, agree quite generally, that there should be but one church building in Atascadero and that those who insist upon having some certain equipment for their worship shall be provided with a chapel sacred to their separate use within the one large common edifice, that they hold their special sacraments and ceremonials there, and then join the general public in the great auditorium to hear whatever great speaker may have been provided for that service. In this way there would be provided the means and opportunity for the people to assemble for common inspiration without sacrificing any of their privately held religious forms.

The following is the constitution of the Federated Church:

CONSTITUTION.

1. This organization shall be known as "The Federated Church of Atascadero."

2. Its object shall be to federate in one body all of the forces which work for righteousness in this community.

3. Membership in this church shall be open to all who are already identified with the various existing denominations, without in any way interfering with their theological opinions, or their present church affiliations, as well as to all who are willing to subscribe their names to the standard approved by Christ the Master Teacher, whom we all recognize as the head of the church universal, viz.: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind . . . and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matt. 22:37-40.

4. The officers of this church shall be: First, a board of directors, who shall care for the temporal interests of the church; second, a board of deacons, who shall care for the spiritual interest of the church, and a minister or leader.

5. All officers of this church shall be elected by ballot, according to the by-laws of this organization to be hereafter adopted.

It is interesting to note that women figure on both the first Board of Directors and the first Board of Deacons elected under this constitution.

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